

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, April 9, 1803.

[No. 27.]

THE WILD ROSE OF
LANGOLLEN.

A TALE.

THE evening air blew chilling cold: Gwinneth threw her apron over her shoulders, and went to the wood-house for faggots. Ellen was left alone; her eye fell upon the stump of the withered rose tree: "That was Edward's gift," said she, mournfully. "Peace is now restored; he will return;—he will think I have neglected it; for, alas! it is withered. But, no! Edward must come no more to our cottage."—Hearing the returning step of Gwinneth, she wiped away the starting tear; for well she knew her good mother would chide. Gwinneth entered trembling: "Mercy! my child; come and listen; sure I heard the abbey bell toll." Ellen turned pale: she listened with breathless agitation: again the heavy bell struck with awful reverberation. "Oh!" cried Ellen, clasping her hands together, "the news has arrived that Edward is killed." Vainly now did Gwinneth call upon the name of her child, who lay senseless on the cold earth.

Ellen was the lovely, virtuous child of honest peasants; but she was tenderly beloved by the son of the wealthy Sir Owen Fitzmorris. In the rustic sports on the lawn before the abbey, Edward had often gladly joined, often pressed the fair hand of Ellen with rapture to

his lips, and breathed in her ear accents of pure unchangeable love: but parental authority interposed; Edward was ordered to accept the hand of the rich, the haughty Lady Hester. His heart proudly revolted; yet, to disobey a father, hitherto fond and tender, was death. He implored a respite: Sir Owen granted his petition; and the regiment in which Edward served was ordered to Egypt; yet his departing words breathed fervent, constant affection to his Ellen, and his parting gift was the rose tree which she now bewailed. For heaven's sake! my child," said Gwinneth, "be composed. I will step to the gate, and see if any one passes from the abbey. Dear, now be comforted," Gwinneth stepped to the gate. "Bless me! as I live, here comes a soldier down the hill!" The word revived Ellen: she flew to her mother's side. The soldier descended the hill; he seemed to walk feebly, and leant on the shoulder of a boy. "Sure," thought Ellen, "that is Edward's form:" but as he approached nearer, conjecture changed; his dress was shabby and disordered, his hair uncombed; and a bandage passed across his eyes, marked the sufferings he had endured in the dreadful climate to which he had been exposed: for Edward it was; and love soon revealed him to the wonder-struck Ellen. In a moment, each of his hands were seized by Gwinneth and her child; who forgetting in the first joy at sight of him, the shocking change of his appear-

ance, led him in triumph to the cottage; but enquiry soon succeeded; and while Ellen fixed her eyes upon her withered Rose-tree, in anguish exclaiming, "Alas! he cannot see it now," Edward began his recital.

"When I left you, my dear friends, in compliance with a father's commands, I embarked with my regiment for Egypt. Our troops were successful in all their undertakings, I alone seemed doomed to feel the pangs of disappointment and sorrow. An enterprize in which I was engaged, required dispatch and caution; when in a moment of general attack, my dearest friend, and earliest companion of my happy days, fell covered with wounds. Disobeying the strict orders of our commander, not to quit our posts, I bore him in my arms from the scene of horror: for this I was broke, and discharged with ignominy."

Ellen wept; her heart was too full for utterance: the poor old woman sobbed aloud. "I returned," said Edward, "in the first vessel that sailed, and returned but to see my father breathe his last. Even he too conspired against my happiness; for, would you believe it, Ellen? he has disinherited me." "How!" exclaimed Ellen, "is it in nature to be so wicked! A child he once loved so dearly!" "True," returned Edward; "but you now behold me in sickness and sorrow, without a friend to

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comfort, or a home to shelter me." "Never, never, my dear young master," cried Gwinneth, "while the sticks of this poor cot hang together"—Ellen clasped his hand closer between hers, but spoke not. On a sudden some recollection darted across her mind; she let his hand fall, and sighed deeply. "What ails my Ellen?" asked Edward; "will she not confirm the words of her mother?" "Ah, me!" said Ellen, "I am thinking how happy the Lady Hester will be to have the power of restoring you to wealth and comfort. She can do all that our wishes dictate." "But if my Ellen gives me her love," replied Edward, "I will not seek the favor of the Lady Hester." "And will you stay with us?" asked the enraptured Ellen. "Oh, we shall be happy enough in that case; and our debt of gratitude will be in part discharged: for to you, Edward, we owe all. Your instructive care first raised my mind from ignorance; and if a virtuous sentiment animates this breast, from you it derives its source." "You are unjust to yourself, Ellen: instructions bestowed where there is not innate virtue is like the vain attempt at cultivating a rocky soil. But, how, my love, can you think of supporting an idle intruder? Your means are but scant, though your heart is ample." "We will work the harder," said Gwinneth: "we knit and spin, and have a thousand ways of getting a penny; and when you get strong and healthy you shall work." "Mr. Fitzmorris work!" exclaimed the indignant Ellen. "And why not, my child?" rejoined Gwinneth. "Is there any disgrace in honest industry? Mr. Fitzmorris is not proud; and when, with some juice of simples, which you, Ellen, shall gather, we have bathed his eyes, who knows but, by the favor of heaven, his sight may be restored? Thus, Ellen, he will assist our labors, see our cheerful endeavors to make him forget all past misfortunes; and we shall be the happiest peasants in Langollen." "Excellent creature?" cried Edward, "my whole life shall pass in active gratitude.—But I must away: on the brow of the hill I left a weary traveller; I will bring him to taste a cup of your beer, and speed him on his journey."

Ellen was unwilling that he should leave her so soon, though but for a few minutes; but when Edward continued absent above two hours, her terror was inexpressible. The night closed in, and

Edward did not return. Ellen's couch was wetted with her tears, and morning found her pale and sad. She waited at the door in anxious expectation, and with a scream of wild joy exclaimed, "He is coming!" He was supported by an elderly man; and Ellen hastened forward to lend her assistance also, while Gwinneth prepared their homely breakfast. Edward seemed breathless with fatigue! and the stranger accounted for the delay, by saying, that he had wandered up the country, fearing his companion had forgotten him. "Ah! you are cold and wet!" said Ellen. "No, my love; you see I have a great coat. I found my little parcel at the lodge where I rested last night." "And that lodge, which was once your cruel father's should now be yours," said Ellen. "But, no; he was not cruel, Edward; for he has given you to us." "Come, come; this is fine talking," cried Gwinneth, "while the poor youth is cold and hungry; and see the tears how they roll down his cheeks." "Do your eyes pain you, Edward?" enquired Ellen: "Let me wash them with spring-water." "They do, indeed" said he. In the gentlest manner possible, Ellen removed the bandage; and his full, expressive, hazel eye met hers, bearing joy and love. She receded with a scream of surprise. He threw off his coat and discovered his dress decorated with every military honor. "Ellen, forgive this deception; it was my father's stratagem; and here he is a witness to your disinterested affection. I am not dishonored, but promoted, by my noble commander to high military rank." "It is true, indeed," said the old gentleman, "I suspected my son of an unworthy choice, and dictated this stratagem as the means of confirmation. The Lady Hester disdained a poor infirm soldier, and now my Edward has to sue for your acceptance."

Dumb gratitude seized the trembling Ellen: she fell at the feet of Sir Owen, bathed his hands with her tears, and vainly tried to express the feelings of her heart. The rustic meal passed sometime unregarded, till composure was restored, and the benevolence of the intention rendered it a repast palatable even to the Baronet. "Your rose-tree is withered," said Ellen. "Indeed I could not preserve it." "Heed it not," returned Edward: "it was a hot-house plant, and could ill endure the slightest breeze of mischance. You,

Ellen, are the blooming Wild Rose of Langollen, whose native sweetness is but increased by the homeliness of the culture it received.

"Oh, let me then transplant thee safe into a richer soil.
"And of my garden be the pride and joy."

Ellen, with blushing joy, gave her hand to her lover, who that day led her to the abbey, where the delighted peasantry came to make their heart-felt congratulations; and, in the happiness of his children, Sir Owen found his cure; and the aged Gwinneth sunk into a peaceful grave, beloved and revered by her dutiful child; and to the arms of Sir Owen Fitzmorris is now added, with proud triumph, the blooming Wild Rose of Langollen.

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE, AND ITS PURSUITS.

EVERY man who casts his eyes around him, and beholds the bustle, anxiety, and care, depicted in the countenances of all those busy mortals, who swarm (generally speaking) in every city and in every country; cannot help concluding they are in search of something essential to their happiness. The conclusion is universally true; for be the present object of pursuit ever so trivial, were it not in some degree desirable, consequently an addition, real or imaginary, to our stock of happiness, we should not move a finger to obtain it. Of what moment is it to the discontented man, whether his present uneasiness arises from the want of a luxurious meal, a laced coat, or a pompous title; whether he sighs because he has not seen Peru, or because he cannot play upon the fiddle; the girl who wishes for, and has not, the means of obtaining a new cap against next Sunday, feels, perhaps, more unhappy moments, than he who has plunged himself in debt, to satiate his silly desires, and is every hour in danger of losing his liberty, as a just punishment for his dissipation and temerity.

The positive wants of nature are few and fixed: those of imagination, fleeting and innumerable. The wretch who is really hungry, and in need of the necessaries to appease that corroding sensation, will not be very scrupulous about the cleanliness of the cook. Cold can

not be diverted by the fineness of Dresden lace, nor the idea of its reputation—pride may. There is hardly a wretch existing, who has not the permanent means of happiness in his own power. Imagination is the painter; tis she who gives those light and gloomy shades, which make the picture beautiful or horrid, insipid, delightful, or disgusting. We cannot desire stronger proofs of the truth of this assertion, were it possible for even ignorance itself to doubt, than those which observation may every hour furnish us with. We hear the laborer singing on the scaffold, surrounded with dangers, sweating with fatigue, or heaving beneath a burden, with which he mounts, step by step, up a frightful precipice; his countenance is cheerful, his mind is unembarrassed, he glories in the number of bricks which he can lay, and laughs at the delicate limbs and frippery of an affected being, who calls himself a gentleman. He has not leisure to wish, and therefore feels no want. His necessities are greatest in the hours of idleness, but vanish when hunger drives him again to his labor. He hears, beneath the rattling of coaches, without emotion, seldom or ever reflecting on the ease or security of those within. "It is the hand of little employment that hath the daintier sense." Riches are almost universally sought after; they are thought to be the fountain from whence the streams of pleasure issue. Were men wise, they would be perfectly convinced of the impossibility of procuring happiness with riches. It is in vain, they say, we sigh for power, and riches only can obtain it for us; we languish for precedence, and men bow but to the wealthy. Philosophy, moral as well as physical, must take Experience for her guide. Sallow looks, gouty limbs, restless minds, and unhealthy bodies, are not the symptoms of Content: she hangs no such signs at the outside of the habitation where she dwells; she tortures not the fancy with the ideal dreams of present wants, but smiles upon and enjoys what she now possesses: she casts not her eyes upon the earth, and says, "I hope I shall be happy," but lifts them up to heaven and says, "I am."

If neither reflection nor instruction have anticipated my purpose, I will discover a truth to thee more precious than gold. Hear and remember; imagine thyself happy, and thou art so; look not with despondency on the objects

around thee, but smile and they shall smile also; rejoice, and every thing shall be glad; say not, I should be if I had; but say, I am because I have; so shalt thou sit down, if such be thy lot, to the most homely viands with pleasure, forming thy lips into smiles, and Content bearing up complacently thy eyelids, while Satisfaction dimples thy cheek, and Serenity smooths thy brow. No longer shalt thou make thy days burthensome, and thy nights restless, with fruitless wishes, but shalt exult and say with Socrates, when he beheld the Athenian market, What a number of things are here that I have no need of.

*In wishing nothing, we enjoy the most,
For e'en our wish is in possession lost.
Restless we wander to a new desire,
And burn ourselves by blowing up the fire;
We toss and turn almost our fceevish will,
When all our ease must come by lying still;
For all the happiness mankind can gain,
Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.*
DRYDEN.

LOVE'S VOCABULARY.

(Continued from our last.)

To Please—Constitutes the whole art of love. It is one of those words that would be obscured by definition. He who possesses the power of pleasing has every thing that is necessary for his success in love.

Reconciliation—Some reconciliations are attended with such pleasure, that it is almost worth making a quarrel on purpose, for the sake of the joy of a reconciliation. It is however dangerous to risk this practice so often as to stale it; for it may happen that the reconciliation may never come.

Reputation—One of the great centinels upon female virtue.

Resistance—in love, as in war, is often only art in the governor of a place, to raise the importance, and obtain the honors of war, for a fortress from the first intended to be given up.

Respect—True love never goes without respect; and its counterfeit is often obliged to feign it, till an occasion serves to throw it out of the windows.

Sighs—Are useful interjections in the love language. They are of special service to save the modest fair one the pain of pronouncing those dreadful words "I love you." They are very tiresome, however, when a langorous lover

"Vents only in deep sighs his am'rous flame."

They are a very uncurrent coin, when employed by the men: thus, when a lover whines out, "Cannot my sighs move you to pity me?" he deserves to be pitied indeed!

Sun—All comparisons of one's mistress to the sun, the stars, &c. are out of date. They are all so hackneyed, that even poetry rejects them. One modern poet, indeed, has ventured to compare his mistress to the sun, because, like him, she was a common benefit, and shone on all alike.

Toilette—A woman may admit a lover to her toilette, when she is sure of the effect of her charms. It is like the artful confidence of a secret that one is certain will do one honor. When a woman suffers herself to be surprised at her toilette, it is as much as to say, "I have, as to my beauty, a clear conscience; it is all honestly my own; and I am the more sure of doing execution with it, for its not having the air of murder pre-pense." But when it comes to that dismal time of its being a necessity to make a face, the dressing-room door is well bolted till the operation is over.

Vanity—Has brought more virtues to an untimely end than any other vice. A woman whose vanity is hurt by the apprehended desertion of a lover, to keep him will very often take the very step which will bring on that desertion; and, in the loss of her virtue, rob her of all real foundation for vanity for the future.

Verses—They were formerly in great vogue in love: at present, they are generally exploded. It is enough that a lover vents his nonsense in poetical prose.

Winning—How winning you are? The English of this is, How weak am I!

Wish—I wish I could love you, in the mouth of a fair one, signifies, "I actually do love you."

I wish I could hate you, signifies precisely the same as the above.

To be continued.

EXECUTION of Col. DESPARD, &c.

ON the morning of the execution, at four o'clock, the drum beat at the Horse Guards, as a signal for the Cavalry to assemble, and no less than four regiments of different descriptions are stated to have shortly after assembled. As soon as day light appeared, the military took their different stations. About 5 o'clock the populace began to pour in numbers along the Westminster and City Roads to Horsemonger-lane, and by 6 the lane was completely crowded. There are few houses in front of the prison; all of them, however, were filled with spectators. The Dyer's ground to the left of the prison was gradually filled, till at last all the parts that had a view of the scaffold, were completely crammed. We suppose that 20,000 persons might be assembled. At five o'clock, St. George's bell began to toll, and continued for about an hour. At half past 6 the prison bell rang,—the signal for the unlocking of the cells. Mr. Winkworth, the clergyman of the prison, and Mr. Griffith, the Roman Catholic priest, came to the prison, and were immediately admitted to the prisoners. At 7 o'clock, 5 of the prisoners, Broughton, Francis, Graham, Wood, and Wratten, went into the Chapel; Colonel Despard refused to attend, remaining in his cell; and Macnamara, being a Roman Catholic, prayed in his cell with the priest. The 5 former conducted themselves with much decorum in the chapel. They attended to the prayers with great earnestness, but at the same time without seeming to lose that firmness which they had displayed since their trial. Before they received the sacrament, 4 of them confessed they had done wrong, but not to the extent charged against them by the evidence. The 5th, Graham, said he was innocent of the charges brought against him; but that he had attended two meetings, the second at the instigation of Francis. It was Emblyn, he added, who called on him to take him to the meeting, by Francis' desire. For some time the clergyman refused to administer the sacrament to Francis, because he persisted in declaring that he had been guilty of no crime. The clergyman said to him, "You admit you attended meetings." He replied, "Yes." "You knew they were for the purpose of overturning the Constitution and Government of the country.—I by no means wish you to enter into particulars; I

only wish you to acknowledge generally." Francis then smiled, and answered, "I admit I have done wrong in attending those meetings." The clergyman then asked each of them, "how they found themselves?"—Francis, Wood, Broughton, and Wratten, replied, "they were never happier in their lives." Graham remained silent. The sacrament was then administered to them. The service in the chapel lasted three quarters of an hour. Before it was over, Col. Despard and Macnamara were brought down from their cells. Their irons were knocked off, and their arms and hands bound with ropes. Despard walked up and down before the chapel door, but did not enter the chapel. Macnamara walked about in earnest conversation with the Roman Catholic Priest, and with a book in his hand. Whilst Despard was at the door of the chapel, the High Sheriff, Mr. Peppen, addressed himself very humanely to him, and asked him if he could render him any service? The colonel thanked him, and replied, that he could not. The sheriff added something in a low tone of voice, which, we believe, but are not quite certain, related to Mrs. Despard. Whilst the clergyman was gone out of the chapel to prepare for the sacrament, the five prisoners in the chapel rose, on hearing the colonel's irons being knocked off near the door. They asked each other, "where is he?" and seemed anxious to see him. After they had received the sacrament, they were brought out of the chapel, and their irons were knocked off. The executioner then tied their arms and hands in the same manner as he had before bound Colonel Despard and Macnamara.

Notice was then given to the sheriff that they were ready. Col. Despard, who stood the first, retired behind, and made a motion to Francis, who was making way for him, to go before him. The hurdle had been previously prepared in the outer court-yard. It is the body of a small cart, on which two trusses of clean straw are laid. It was drawn by two horses. The procession moved in the following order:

The Sheriff of Surrey,
The Clergyman in his robes,
Mr. Ives, the Keeper, with a white wand,
High Constable,
Other Constables,
The Executioner, with a drawn sword.

Macnamara and Graham were first put into the hurdle, and drawn to the Lodge where the inner gates were opened, and they were conveyed to the staircase that leads up to the scaffold. The hurdle then returned, and brought Broughton and Wratten, then Wood and Francis, last of all Col. Despard was put up to it alone.

Macnamara seemed intent upon the book in his hand. Graham remained silent. Broughton jumped into the hurdle, smiled, and looked up to the scaffold. Wood and Francis both smiled; and all of them surveyed the awful scene with much composure. Despard shook hands with a gentleman, as he got into the hurdle, and looked up to the scaffold with a smile. As soon as they had all been conveyed in the hurdle to the staircase that leads to the scaffold, they were escorted up one by one in the order before mentioned.—The sheriff, Sir Richard Ford, the clergyman, Mr. Winkworth, the Roman Catholic clergyman, Mr. Griffith, preceding them. Seven coffins or shells which had been previously placed in a room under the scaffold, were brought up and placed on the platform, on which the drop is erected. A bag of saw-dust to catch the blood when the heads were severed from their bodies, was placed beside them. The block was near the scaffold. There were nearly 100 persons on the platform, including the magistrates and officers. The greatest order and silence were observed.

As soon as the prisoners were placed on the hurdles, St. George's bell tolled for some time. It was nearly three quarters past 8 when the first prisoner was brought up to the scaffold, the rest followed singly. When the cord was fastened round the neck of the 1st, the 2d was brought up, and so on till the cords were fastened round the necks of all the 7. Macnamara was the 1st brought up, he held a book in his hand, and when the cord was placed round his neck, he exclaimed with the greatest devotion, "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me. Oh! Lord, look down with pity upon me." Graham came 2d. He looked pale and ghastly, but spoke not.—Wratten was the 3d: he ascended the scaffold with much firmness.—Broughton the 4th, smiled as he ran up the scaffold stairs, but as soon as the rope was fastened round his neck, he turned pale and smiled no more. He joined in prayer with

much earnestness.—Wood was the 5th, Francis the 6th. Francis ascended the scaffold with a composure which he preserved to the last.—Wood and Broughton were equally composed. Of all of them, Francis was the best looking, tall, handsome, and well made. He and Wood were dressed in the uniform of the Foot Guards, and Francis, when he came on the scaffold, had on his full regimental cap. The rest were in colored clothes.—Col. Despard was brought up the last, dressed in boots, a dark brown great coat and red waistcoat, his hair unpowdered.—He had previously desired to speak with the Sheriff and Sir Richard Ford, to whom he communicated his wish to address the spectators. They told him they had not the least objection to his carrying that wish into effect. The Colonel ascended the scaffold with great firmness. His countenance underwent not the slightest change while the awful ceremony of fastening the rope round his neck, and placing the cap on his head, was performing. He looked at the multitude assembled with perfect calmness. The clergyman who ascended the scaffold after the prisoners were tied up, spoke to him a few words as he passed. The Colonel bowed, and thanked him.

The ceremony of fastening the cords round the necks of the prisoners being finished, the Colonel advanced as near as he could to the edge of the scaffold, and made the following speech to the multitude :—

"Fellow Citizens, I come here, as you see, after having served my country, faithfully, honorably, and usefully served it, for thirty years and upwards, to suffer death upon a scaffold for a crime of which I protest I am not guilty. I solemnly declare that I am no more guilty of it than any of you who may be now hearing me. But tho' his majesty's ministers know as well as I do that I am not guilty, yet they avail themselves of a legal pretext to destroy a man, because he has been a friend to truth, to liberty, and to justice." (There was a considerable clapping of hands, and huzza from part of the populace the nearest to him, but who, from the height of the scaffold from the ground, could not, we think, distinctly hear what was said.) The colonel proceeded:—"Because he has been a friend to the poor and the oppressed. But, Citizens, I hope and trust, notwithstanding my fate, and the fate of those who no doubt will soon follow me, that the principles of freedom, of humanity, and of justice, will finally triumph over falsehood, tyranny, and delusion, and every principle hostile to the interests of the human race. And now having said this, I have little more to add." (The Colonel's voice seemed to falter a little here. He paused a moment as if he meant to say something more, but had forgotten it. He then concluded in the following manner: "I have no more to add, except, to wish you health, happiness, and freedom, which I have endeavored, as far as was in my power, to procure for you, and for mankind in general."

The Colonel spoke in a firm and audible voice—he left off sooner than was expected. There was no public expression, either of approbation or disapprobation, given when he had concluded his address. As soon as he had ceased speaking, the clergyman prayed with 5 of the prisoners, Macnamara prayed earnestly with the clergyman of his own persuasion. Despard surveyed the populace, and made a short answer, which we could not hear, to some few words addressed to him by Francis, who was next him. The clergyman now shook hands with each of them. Col. Despard bowed, and seemed to thank him for his attention. The executioners pulled the caps over the faces of the unhappy persons and descended the scaffold.—Most of them exclaimed, "Lord Jesus receive our souls!"

The last and most dreadful part of the ceremony was now to be performed. The most awful silence prevailed, and many of the thousands present stood uncovered. At seven minutes before 9 o'clock the signal was given, the platform dropped, and they were all launched into eternity.

Col. Despard had not one struggle: twice he opened and clenched his hands together convulsively: he stirred no more.—Macnamara, Graham, Francis, and Wratten, were motionless after a few struggles. Broughton and Wood struggled violently for some moments after all the rest were without motion. The executioner pulled their legs to put an end to their pain more speedily.

After hanging about half an hour till they were quite dead, they were cut down, Col. Despard 1st; his body placed on saw-dust, and his head on a block. After his coat had been taken off, his head was severed from his body by a person engaged on purpose to perform that ceremony. The executioner then took the head by the hair, and carrying it to the edge of the parapet on the right hand, held it up to the view of the populace, and exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor—Edward Marcus Despard."—The same ceremony was performed at the parapet on the left hand. There was some hooting and hissing when the Colonel's head was exhibited. His body was now put into the shell that had been prepared for it.

The other prisoners were then cut

down, their heads severed from their bodies, and exhibited to the populace with the same exclamation of—*This is the head of another traitor*;" the name of each being mentioned on the head being held up. The bodies were then put into their different shells, and in the course of the day were all delivered for interment to their respective friends.

The following is an extract of the Warrant for the execution:

"And whereas we have thought fit to remit part of the sentence, viz. taking out and burning their bowels before their faces, and dividing the bodies of Edward Marcus Despard, J. Wood, J. Francis, Thomas Broughton, J. Sedgwick Wratten, J. A. Graham, and J. Macnamara, by their being drawn and hanged, and having their heads severed from their bodies, according to the said sentence only, at the usual place, on Monday next, the 21st of Feb. and for so doing, this shall be your warrant.—Given at our Court at St. James', this 16th day of Feb. 1803, in the 43d year of our reign. By his Majesty's command. (signed) PELHAM.

[The interesting trial of Col. Despard and his associates, has lately been published in this city, by George F. Hopkins.]

Scraps from London Papers.

The experiments relative to the motion of the muscles, are calculated to solve the popular doubt, whether shell-fish can be crossed in love.

The favored lover, in a late case of gallantry, proved to be an Exciseman; from his habits, he must needs be a very engaging personage.

We are surprised to find, on enquiry, that the two city bucks, who broke their noses against the lamp-irons in Basinghall-street last week, did not meet with the accident in consequence of intoxication, but of affectation.

A blind fiddler in crossing a violent stream of water, lost his fiddle, and narrowly escaped from being drowned. While he was lamenting the loss he had sustained, a bystander sympathized with him, by saying he pitied his case. "Oh damn the case," replied scrape, " 'tis the fiddle I want."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, April 9, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N.YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 51 persons during the week ending on the 3d inst. viz. of Consumption 3—Dropsy 2—Sudden 1—Convulsions 1—Small-pox 2—Pleurisy 2—Drowned 1—Debility 1—and 18 of diseases not mentioned. 15 were adults, and 16 children.

Riot at the State Prison.—From a report made to the Inspectors of the State Prison, by Capt. Pray the Principal keeper, it appears that Daniel McDonald, who was convicted at Albany for horse-stealing, and sentenced to seven years hard labor in the State Prison, was the ringleader in the attempt of the prisoners to escape from that building on Monday last. On one of the keepers going into the shoemakers' apartment that afternoon, he was informed of their intentions by McDonald who assured him that he should not be hurt; that he had been unjustly punished, and that he would escape over the Walls of the prison that night. Several of the prisoners had then proceeded to put their plan in execution; but it appears that they were by no means generally disposed to follow the example of their leader. On the rioters' entering the yard, the smiths and nailers at work there almost to a man refused to join them; but came forward to the keepers, and offered to protect them at the risque of their lives. On the alarm being given the guard of the prison stood ready to oppose them. The prisoners were then mounting the wall by the help of a scaffold, and on the guards' calling to them to desist, they in return received very abusive language; and had brick-bats and hammers thrown at them.

Finding that coercive measures must be taken, they fired and killed Isaac Lyttle, from Washington county, who at the instant of the firing put his head out of a window, tho' not concerned in the riot; mortally wounded a man by the name of John Palmer (since dead) and wounded three others. viz. Henry Massenburg, Jedediah Gilbert and David

Buck, all of them dangerously. During the riot, the prisoners set fire to one of the rooms, but it was put out before any injury had been sustained. *M. Ad.*

The following curious account of a Dutch execution is given in a letter from a gentleman at Rotterdam.

"I was one of the many that attended yesterday before the Stadthouse, three hours in the cold, to see a Murderer decapitated. But, to be sure such an obstinate man never was seen! He would not sit a moment still. The under officers and *dienaars* persuaded him to be quiet. But, no! his head went from one shoulder to the other, for all the world like a Chinese Joss: two *Dominis* (*vulgo* Parsons) then attempted to preach him into patience, persuading him, or at least attempting to persuade him, that the operation being momentary, was attended with very little pain—but the obstinate fellow would not even believe the *Dominis*: he was placed near the hillock of sand, but would not kneel down: the sub-officers attempted to place him and to bend his knees; but as soon as one was bent, the other was straight; and *vice versa*. He was then, with difficulty blindfolded, and bound down in a chair; but he shook himself and the chair about, worse than a man laboring under a fit of the tertian ague.

"In short, the culprit was determined not to lose his head, as prescribed by law. One of the magistrates stepped out of the window of the Stadthouse, on the scaffold.—But alas! '*Montes parturiant*,' it was labor in vain. The fellow would hear nothing he had to say on the melancholy subject. By this time the mob was immense. The little circle of thief-takers, executioner, &c. around the man, looked very foolish at each other. To shorten this extraordinary story, which I humbly think merits to be handed down to posterity, the obstinate dog gained his point, and went out of this transitory world with his head on: instead of being beheaded like a gentleman they hung him, as he deserved, like a dog. I think our neighbors the French would have beheaded 50 in the time that was lost by our Dutch artists in considering about it.

"A query naturally arises: Had they a right to hang him—contrary to the sentence of death passed upon him?"

THEATRICAL REGISTER FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1.

THE BLIND BOY, and TALE OF MISTERY, *T. Holcroft.*

The new comedy this evening was witnessed by a larger audience than we have seen in the theatre for some time past, and was received with increased tokens of approbation. We will here attempt an analysis of the fable, after giving the *dramatis personæ*.

Don Gaspar Leone,	Mr. Johnson.
Don Montefogo,	— Hogg.
Major Sydenham,	— Hodgkinson.
Pedro, (the blind boy)	Mrs. Johnson.
Dr. Santoldo,	Mr. Martin.
Oliviero,	— Tyler.
Carlos,	— Jefferson.
Donna Margaretta Leone,	Mrs. Hogg.
Donna Isabella,	Mrs. Hodgkinson.
Frederica,	— Hallam.
Louisa,	— Jefferson.

The 1st act lies in the house of *Don Gaspar Leone*, who is discover'd writing: his lady enters, and interrupting him, informs that a famous oculist has arrived, and that she has sent for him in hopes he may restore their son *Pedro* to sight. The old gentleman pronounces this to be out of "his department," and continues his writing. In the course of the scene we find that *Donna Margaretta* is the Chancellor's second wife, and that she wishes to remove from the house, by marriage, *Isabella*, a child by his first lady: but *Isabella* refuses her proposals in behalf of *Don Montefogo*, and avows her attachment to *Felix Ricardo*, the son of a former friend of *Don Gaspar*, educated with his children, but turn'd out of doors for having satyriized *Donna Margaretta*, and now supposed to be abroad. Upon the lady telling him that she has sent for *Isabella* to announce this evening as the appointed time for her marriage with *Don Montefogo*, the old hen-peck'd judge gathers up his papers and retires into his cabinet, declaring, "marriages and tears not to belong to his department." A scene follows between the step-mother and *Isabella*, who resolutely avows her attachment to *Felix*, though she has not seen him for eight years. *Montefogo* enters, and cannot be persuaded that any lady can refuse his person and riches, altho' treated with

pointed disapprobation by *Isabella*. *Isabella* being left alone, laments her situation, and is interrupted by the entrance of *Frederica*, the sister of her beloved *Felix*. The wrath which the young man had raised by his imprudent exposure of *Donna Margaretta* had fallen equally on himself, his mother, and his sister, and for eight years the two latter had supported themselves by their industry in a cottage in the suburbs of the city. The mother being now sick, sends the lovely *Frederica* to demand *Don Gaspar's* aid in an application to the minister for a pension, deemed her due, as widow of one of the king's servants. The interview of the friends, is well managed, delicate and pathetic; each enquires after the brother of the other: *Isabella* hears with tears, that *Felix* has not yet been heard of, and *Frederica* with equal sympathy that poor *Pedro* is still blind. "Does he remember that I used to lead him?" asks *Frederica*. "You and your brother *Felix* he never forgets" is the reply. *Isabella* goes into her father's cabinet to announce *Frederica*, who while fondly recognizing the scene of her infantile joys and sorrows, hears the flute of the blind boy, and is melted to extreme tenderness, *Pedro* soon appears with his flute at his chamber-door, and a scene of delicate sensibility and true pathos succeeds, not to be seen without tears of delight by any eye of taste, or heard without approbation by any critical ear. *Major Sydenham*, secretary to the English ambassador at Madrid, enters, who is a philanthropist and humorist, and furnishes throughout the comedy a rich fund of instructive amusement. The conversation becomes more general, and finishes after *Don Gaspar* has in despite of his wife, promised to intercede for *Frederica*.

The scene of the second act is near the cottage and garden of Madame *Ricardo*. *Major Sydenham* enters debating on the subject of matrimony, and having determined to marry, tosses up a dollar to decide his choice between *Isabella* and *Frederica*. *Montefogo* enters and communicates a plan he has drawn up, in consequence of an order from the minister, that each member of the Council of Finance should give in his *Sense on the subject of the commerce and navy of Spain*, the Major makes himself merry at the expence of the Hidalgo's composition, who goes off to ask his uncle's opinion. *Felix Ricardo* disguised as *Doctor Santoldo*, enters in

quest of his mother's humble habitation, and the Major recognizes in him the physician who had saved his life, as much by humane assiduity as by skill, when given over and dying of fever in Venice. An explanation takes place, *Ricardo* recounts the cause of his misfortunes, the skill he has attained by travel and study, his determination not to make himself known to his mother, sister, and betrothed bride, until he has established himself by his attainments and made amends for his youthful follies. His principal hope rests upon a work, the fruit of many year's labor and observation, on the Commerce of the Spanish navy. The Major has scarcely exclaimed "this comes in the right time!" when *Montefogo* re-enters with his "*Sense of the subject*," in utter consternation at the sentence passed upon it by his uncle, who had pronounced it non-sense. *Sydenham* introduces *Doctor Santoldo* to him and leaves them. *Montefogo* wishes to purchase an essay of the learned Doctor, who refuses his aid, until he hears that *Isabella Leone* is to be married to him; he then proposes to furnish him with the work wanted, on condition, that, the work succeeding, he shall renounce *Isabella*: the offer is accepted, and the bargain struck; the young man thus sacrificing his hopes, to rescue *Isabella* from what he concludes to be a forced marriage. The remainder of the act is occupied with an interview between the brother and sister, as *Frederica* comes to the well for water, and *Ricardo* sees his mother as a messenger sent from her son.

We will continue our analysis of this interesting comedy, in our next number.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2.

SPEED THE PLOUGH, *Morton*. and ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, *Jackman*.

Mr. Tyler being unable to play, Mr. Fennel read the part of *Sir Philip*,—much to the gratification of the few people present.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Sonnet to *Cupid*, By W. S. and a Communication by the title of the *Ladies' Friend*, are received and shall appear next week.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

At Newtown, (L. I.) on the 27th ult. *Lancaster Lupton*, esq. to Miss *Frances P. Townsend*.

On the 31st ult. at Rose-Hill, Staten-Island, Mr. *Daniel Lake*, jun. to Miss *Mary Gifford*.

On Wednesday evening, last week, Mr. *Charles Betts*, to Widow *Lowry*, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, Mr. *Richard Bannister*, (from England) to Miss *Elizabeth Bond*, daughter of Mr. *Alexander Bond*, merchant, of this city.



Deaths.

On Friday morning, the 5th inst, in the 60th year of her age, Mrs. *Jemima Winans*, relict of Dr. *Wm. Winans*, of Elizabeth-town, (N. J.)

On Sunday morning, aged 21 years, Mrs. *Sarah Woods*, wife of *James Woods*, esq. Counsellor at law.

At Westfield, (N. J.) the Rev. *Benjamin Woodruff*, in the 71st year of his age.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, April 11th, will be presented,

PIZARRO IN PERU,

Or, the Death of Rolla.

To which will be added, a Musical Entertainment, in 2 Acts, called,

THE JUBILEE.

In honor of Shakespeare.

In Act 1, a grand Pageant, exhibiting the principal situations in Shakespeare's most celebrated plays.



THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

A BALLAD.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

Author of the Farmer's Boy.

1
THE lawns were dry in Euston Park;
(Here truth inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

2
Bewitched was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.

3
Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But follow'd faster still;
And echo'd to the darkness copse
That whisper'd on the hill;

4
Where clam'rous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd
Bespoke a peopled shade;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd
And hov'ring circuits made.

5
The dappled herd of grazing deer
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.

6
Darker it grew; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

7
She turn'd; it stop'd!—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain;
But, as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

8
New terror seiz'd her quaking frame:
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same!
She mutter'd many a pray'r.

9
Yet once again, amidst her fright
She tried what sight could do;
When through the cheating gloom of night,
A monster stood in view.

10
Regardless of what'er she felt,
It follow'd down the plain!
She own'd her sins and down she knelt,
And said her pray'r again.

11
Then on the sped: and hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view.
Which pushing hard, so long it swung,
That ghost and all pass'd through.

12
Loud fell the gate against the post!
Her heart-strings like to crack:
For, much she fear'd the gristly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

13
Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before:—
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

14
Out came her husband much surpris'd,
Out came her daughter dear:
Good natur'd souls! all unadvic'd
Of what they had to fear.

15
The candle's gleam pierc'd through the night
Some short space o'er the green;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

16
An ass's fool had lost its dam
Within the spacious park;
And simple as the playful lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.

17
No goblin he; nor imp of sin:
No crimes had ever known.
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.

18
His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor;
The matron learn'd to love the sound
That frighten'd her before.

19
A favorite the ghost became;
And 'twas his fate to thrive:
And long he liv'd and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

20
For many a laugh went through the vale;
And some conviction too:—
Each thought some other goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just as true.

THE SCOLD.

ETERNAL fury! hold thy curst tongue,
So quick, so sharp, so loose, so loud, so long,
That neither husband, neighbor, friend or foe,
Can be at ease, whenever they hear it go;
Dread thunder is a much less frightful noise;
Drums, Guns and Bells are music to thy voice;
The pill'ry, which the perj'ur'd villain fears,
Can't be half so uneasy to the ears;
Nor is the aching head's vexatious pain
Half so tormenting to a sickly brain:
Then heaven defend, and keep my ears secure
From this sad plague which none but death can cure.

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His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.
Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pa-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.
His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

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Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural
color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin;
these are choice articles, and should be found on
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